A Man To His Mate

J. ALLEN DUNN

Hustrations by

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n means hot mountain," said "The government names y istands."

on her yore life they do," -They're smart, but they ment heach an' they've givthree areks to cash in."

us three marks to cash in. the sake to make him loose me added to his elation at the t was gothe on its patrol, and he a free hand. He half filled a with whisky. "Here's to luck" cried. And spilled a part of the

or on the noor before he set the set his lips.
Here's to you. Doc," he added.
To Peggy!" He rolled eyes that he a trifle bloodshot at the girl. Our relations have gone back as al. Mr. Lund," she said quietly, of glared at her half truculently. Im agreeable," he said. "As a spher, I disown you from now on, a Peggy. Here's to ye, jest the

CHAPTER XII.

My Mate.

rom the day following the arrival departure of the Japanese gunt they attacked the little U-shaped the that lay between two buttresses the volcano and sloped sharply m to the sen. Twenty-one men, a and a woman, they went at the polling of it with a sort of obses-n led rather than driven, by Lund, a worked among the rest of them a Heroples.

the men's fancy estimate of a mil-b dollars began speedily to seem all as the work progressed, systemcally stripping the rocky floor of all shingle, foot by foot, and cubic rd by cuble yard, cradling it in de reckers fluming it, vaporizing annigate of gold and mercury, d adding jound after pound of gingobl to the sacks in the schoon-

strong room. They worked at first in alternating its of four hours, by day and night, der the sun, the moon, the stars and flaming aurora. The crust was ffed here and there where it had en into conglomerate, and explodby dynamite, carefully placed so as t to dislodge the masses of ice that erhung the schooner. Fires out the ground were unavailable sheer lack of fuel; there was no iffweet between these forestless What fuel could be spared suserved for use under the bollthat metted ice to provide water the cradles and flumes, and help meals that Tamada preat of doors for the workers

Buckets of coffee, stows, and thick as and lentils, masses of plenty of fat pork, these classed after hours of or or. Desuite the d profusely at their

over-garments asor crownet gravel. it Lund was supreme contendent. There was could not did not, bandle and two of them, and o would see a shrinkage,

lon, of his bulk, as day culted upon it for heroic total seemed to the "Got it," he would say in the time to lose, an' the odds as in a way. Barring what we got to count ben't want them thinkin' weather don't break-an' right-as soon as we've we're stong. Though I'll out of this shore ice, if the worst. I saved out

ille on purpose." and bandling all of the mit, it was not long before began to scrape on the that underlay the gravel at tel work swiftly back to the U. The outdoors been established on top of are between the schooner a primitive arrangetots slung from tripods reled on a flat area that sheltered from the sea and winds by outcrops of inva.

the men trooped from the be fed and warmed, and dung themselves at their more they got out the was in it for them. But wir overlord, their better, knew it. Only Deming are hand the handle of lows or fed the fires, and

Effecth day, with the work inif done, with more than actual gold in colors, that abjed from flour dust to nuggets, in crang room, the weather began to It misted continually, and bind rejoicing, prophesied the breaking up of the cold snap.

By the eighteenth day a regular Chinook was blowing, melting the charger outlines of the icy crags and

pinnacles, and providing streams of moisture that, in the nights now gradually growing tonger, glazed every yard of rock with peril.

The men worked in a muck with their rubber sea-hoots worn out by constant chafing, sweaters torn, the blades of their shovels reduced by the work demanded of them, the drills, shortened by steady sharpening, gone like the spare flesh of the laborers, who, at last, began to show signs of quicker and quicker exhaustion with occasional mutterings of discontent. while Lund, intent upon cleaning off the rock as a dentist cleans a crumbling tooth, coaxed and cursed, blamed and praised and bullied, and did the actual work of three of them.

Dead with fatigue, filled with food, drowsy from the liberal grog allowance at the end of the day, the men slept in a torpor every night and showed less inclination to respond. though the end of their labors was almost in sight.

"What's the use, we got enough," vas the comment beginning to be heard more and more frequently. "Lund, he's got more'n he can spend in a lifetime!"

Rainey could not trace these mutterings to Deming's instigation, but he suspected the hunter. There was no poker; all hands were too tired for play.

As for Peggy Simms, she did not los the polish of her culture, she was always feminine, even dainty at times, despite her work, that could not help but be coarse to a certain extent. She was full of vigor, she showed unexpected strength, she was a source of encouragement to the men as she waited on them. And also a source of undisguised admiration, all of which she shed as a duck sheds water.

Rainey gained an increasing respect in her prowess, and a swift conversion to the equality of the sexes. There were times when he doubted his own equality. Had she met him on his own ground, in his own realm of what he considered vaguely as culture, he would have known a mastery that he now lacked. As it was, she averaged higher, and she had an attraction of sex that was compelling. Here was a girl who would demand

certain standards in the man with whom she would mate, not merely accompany through life. There were times when Rainey felt irresistibly the charm of her as a woman, longed for her in the powerful sex reactions that inevitably follow hard labor. There were times when he felt that she did not consider that he measured up to hiccoughed. her guages, and he would strive to change the atmosphere, to dominate the hunters had evidently not shared the situation in which Lund was the greater figure of the two men.

Lund was centered on one achieve-ment, the gold harvest. He ordered the girl with the rest; there were even times when he reprimanded her, while Rainey burned with the resentment she apparently did not share.

A little before dawn on the eightday of the work up the heach. Lund was out upon the floe examining the condition of the ice. He had declared that two days more of hard endeavor would complete their What dirt remained at the end of that time they would transship, Rainey had joined the girl and Tamada at the cook fires.

The sky was bright with the nurora the men. borealls that would pale before the The men were not yet out of their bunks. They were bone and muscle tired, and Rainey doubted whether Lund, gaunt and lean himself, could get two days of top work out of them. Not thought a for the con-

ing, the met transf water and the fore-that were taget glowing all might to fools were shorted as help message The aurora quiversel in a craims in-

candescence as British dateland Land proddless at the flow less with a steel bar. The girl was bosy with the coffee and Tanada was compounding two pots of stew and building peas hear and muscle making. Sandy appeared on deck and came

swiftly over the side of the vessel and up the worn trail to the fires. He showed excitement, Rainey fancied. sure of it as the Ind got within speaking distance "Where is Mr. Lund?" he panted.

Rainey pointed to Lund, now examining a crack that had open 4 up in the floe, a possible line of exit for the Kurluk, later on. The men were beginning to show on the schooner. They, too, he noted somewhat offy, acted differently this morning. Usually they were sluggish until they had enten, sleepy and indifferent until the coffee stimulated them, and Lund took up this stimulus and fanned it to a flame of work. This morning they walked differently, abnormally active,

"They're drunk, an' they're goin on strike," said Sandy. "You know the big demilohn in the inzeretto?" Rainey nodded. It was a two-

handled affair holding five gallons, a reserve supply of strong rum from which Lund dispensed the grog allowances and stimulations for extra work toward the end of the shift, the nightcaps and occasional rewards.

"They've swiped it." he said. "Put an empty one from the hold in its We got plenty without usin' that one for a while, an' I only happened to notice it this morning by chance. They've bin drinkin' all night, I reckon. They're ugly, Mr. Rainey. It's the crew this time. They got the booze. The hunters are soher. Deming ain't in on this. They did it on their I don't know how they got it. I didn't get it for 'em. sir. They must have worked plumb through the hold

an' got to it that way." "All right, Sandy, Thanks, Mr. Lund can handle them. I guess. He's coming now."



They're Drunk, an' They're Goin' on Strike," Said Sandy.

The men had got to the ice, hidden from Lund, who was walking to the Karluk on the opposite side of the vessel. The seamen were gesticulating freely; the sound of their voices came up to him where he stood, tinged with a new freedom of speech, rough, confident, menacing. As they climbed the trail their legs betrayed them and confirmed the boy's story. Behind them came the four hunters, with Hansen, walking apart, watching the sailors with a certain gravity that communicated itself despite the distance,

Lund showed at the far rail of the schooner with his bar. He glanced toward the men going to work, went below and came up with a sweater. He had left the bar behind him in the cabin, where it was used for a stove poker

The men filed by Rainey, their faces flushed and their eyes unusually bright. They seemed to share a prime joke that wanted to bubble up and over, yet held a restraint upon themselves that was eased by digs in one another's ribs, in laughs when one stumbled or

But Hansen was stolid as ever, and the stolen liquor. Only Deming's eyes roved over the group of men as they gathered round for their cups and pannikins of food. He seemed to be calculating what advantage he could gain out of this unexpected happening

Peggy Simms, under cover of pouring the coffee, sweetened heavily with condensed milk, found time to speak to Rainey.

"They're all drunk," she said. "Not all of them. Here comes Lund. He'll handle it."

Lund seemed still pondering the problem of the floe. At first he did not notice the condition of the sailors. Then he apparently ignored it. But. after they had eaten, he talked to all

"Two more days of it, lads, and we're through. The beach is nigh cleared. We can glt out of the floe to blue water easy enough, an' we'll git a good start on the patrol-ship. We'll go back will full pockets an' heavy ones. The shares'H be half as farge again as we've figgered. wouldn't wonder if they averaged sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars

Ridney had picked out a black-bearded Finn as the bester of the sailors in their deleauch. The liquor seemed to have unclaimed in him a spirit of revolt that bordered on insolence. He stood with his bowed legs apart, mitpurbling for the breakfast, food for tened hands on hips, staring at Lund with a covert grin.

Next to Land he was the biggest man aboard. With the rum giving an unusual co-ordination to his usually stuggish nervous system, he promised to be a source of trouble.

Rainey was surprised to see him shrug his shoulders and lead the way to the beach. Perhaps breakfast had sobered them, though the fumes of liquor still clung cloudily on the air. Lund went downs with Rainey be-

side him, reporting Sandy. "I'll work it out of 'em." said Lund. "That booze'll be an expensive inxury to 'em, paid for in hard labor,"

They found the men ranged up in three groups. Deming and Beale, against custom, had gone down to the They were supposed to help clean the food utensits, and aid Tamada after a meal, besides replenishing the fires.

They stood a little away from the hunters and Hansen and the sailors. The Finn, talking to his comrades in a low growl, was with a separate group.

There was an air of defiance mantfest, a feeling of suspense in the tiny calley, backed by the frowning cone, ribbed by the two ley promontories Lund surveyed them sharply.

"What in he's the matter with you?" he barked. "Hansen, send up a man for the drills an' shovels. Yore work's laid out; hop to it "

"We ain't goin' to work no more said the Finn aggressively. no sich wage like you give."

"Oh, you ain't, ain't you?" mocked Lund. He was standing with Rainey in the middle of the space they cleared of gravel, the seamen lower down the beach, nearer the sea, their ranks compacted. "Why, you hooze-bitten, lousy hunky, what in h—I do you want? You never saw twenty dollars in a

lump you c'a'd call york own for more'n ten minnits. You boardin'house loafer an' the rest of you scum o' the seven seas, glt yore shovels an' git to diggin', or I'll put you ashore in San Francisco flat broke, an' glad to leave the ship at that Jump!"

The Finn snarled, and the rest stood firm. Not one of them knew the real value of their promised share. Money represented only counters exchanged for lodging, food and drink enough to make them sodden before they had spent even their usual wages. Then they would wake to find the rost gone. and throw themselves upon the selfish bounty of a boarding-house keeper. But they had seen the gold, they

had handled it, and they were inflamed by a sense of what it ought to do for them. Perhaps half of them could not add a simple sum, could not grasp figures beyond a thousand, at most And the sight of so much gold had made it. in a manner, cheap. It was there, a heap of it, and they wanted more of that shining heap than had been promised them.

"You talk big," said the Finn. "Look He showed palms calmy hands," loused, split, swollen lumps of chilblained flesh worn down and stiffened I bin seaman, not navvy,"

Lund turned to the hunters. "You in on this?" he asked. Deming and Reale moved off. Two of the others joined them. "Neutral?" others joined them, "Neutral?" sneered Lund, "I'll remember that." Hansen and the two remaining came

over beside Lund and Rainey. "Five of us," said Lund.



Lund's Face Turned Dark With Burst of Rage That Exploded In Voice and Action

men against twelve fo'c'sle rats. Til give you two minnits to start work." "You talk big with yore gun in pocket," said the Finn. "Me good

man as you enny day." Lund's face turned dark with a burst of rage that exploded in volce-

and action. "You think I need my gun, do ye you pack of rats? Then try it on

nelthant it." His band slid to his holster inside his benyy cont. His arm swang, there was a streak of gleaning metal in the lifting somerays dying over the heads of the seamen. It planked in the free

water beyond the ice. "Come on," recred Land, "or Pitrush you to the first both you've had its The Finn lowered his head, and charged; the rest followed their leader. The hot food had stend ted their motive control to a certain extent, they were briner on their feet. less vague of eye but the crude also hed still fumed in their brains. Without it they would never have answered

the Finn's call to rebellion. He had promised, and their drunken minds believed, that refusing in a mass to work would automatically hall things until they got their "rights," They had not expected an open fight. The spur of alcohol had thrust them over the edge, given them a swifter flow of their impoverished blood a tem porary contidence in their own prow a mock valor that answered Land's contemptaous challenge.

Land, thought Rainey, had done a fool-hardy thing in tossing away his gun. It was magnificent, but it was not war. Pure bravado! But he had scant time for thinking. Lund ressett him a scrap of advice, "Keep movin": Don't let 'em crowd you!" Then the fight was joined.

The girl leaned out from the promto watch the tourney. Tamada, impassive as ever, tended his fires. Sandy crept down to the beach, drawn despite his will, and shuffled in and out, irresolute, too weak to attempt to mix in, but excited, enger to help Deming. Benie and the two neutral hunters, stood to one side wniting. perhaps, to see which way the fight went, reserves for the apparent vic-

tor. The Finn, best and biggest of the sailors, rushed for Lund, his little eyes red with rage, crazy with desire to make good his boast that he was as good as Lund. In his barbaric way he was somewhat of a dancer, and his legs were as lissome as his arms. He leaped, striking with fists and feet,

Lund met him with a flerce uppercut, short-traveled, sent from the hip. His enormous hand, bunched to a knuckly lump of stone, knocked the Finn over, lifting him, before he fell with his nose driven in, its bone shat the trail to the beach again.

tered, his lips broken like overry fruit, and his discolored teeth knocked

He landed on his back, rolling over and over, to lie still, half stunned, while two more sprang for Lund.

Lund roared with surprise and pain as one caught his red beard and swung to it, smiting and kicking. He wrapped his left arm about the man. crushing him close up to him, and, as the other came, diving low, butting at his solar plexus, the giant gripped him by the collar, using his own impetus, and brought the two skulls together with a thud that left them stunned.

The two dropped from Lund's re laxed arms like sacks, and he stepped over them, alert, poised on the balls of his feet, letting out a shout of triumph, while he looked about him for his next adversary.

The bedrock on which they fought was slippery where ice had formed in the crevices. Two seamen tackled Hansen. He stopped the curses of one with a straight punch to his mouth, but the man clung to his arm, bear ing it down. Hansen awung at the other, and the blow went over the shoulder as he dodged, but Hansen got him in chancery, and the three, staggering, swearing, sliding, went down at last together, with Hansen underneath. twisting one's neck to shut off his wind while he warded off the wild blows of the second. With a wild heave he got on all fours, and then Lund, roaring like a bull as he came. tore off a seaman and flung him headlong.

"Pound him, Hansen!" he shouted. his eyes hard with purpose, shining like ice that reflects the sun, his nostrils wide, glorying in the fight.

The Finn had got himself together a bit, wiping the gouts of blood from his face and spitting out the snags of his broken teeth. He drew a knife from inside his shirt, a long, curving blade, and sidled, like a crab, toward Lund, murder in his piggy, bloodshot eyes, waiting for a chance to slip in and stab Lund in the back, calling to a comrade to help him.

"Come on," he called, "Olsen, wit yore knife. Gut the swine!"

Another biade finshed out, and the sair advanced, crouching, knees and bodies bent. Lund backed away war lly toward the opposite cliff, looking for loose rock fragment. He had forbidden knives to the sailors since the mutiny, and had forced a delivery, but these two had been hidden. A knife to the Finn was a natural accessory. Only his drunken frenzy had made him try to beat Lund at his own game

One of the two hunters, lamed with a kick on the knee, howling with the pain, clinched savagely and bore the seaman down, battering his head against a knob of rock. The other friendly hunter had bashed and buffeted his opponent to submission. But Rainey was in hard case.

A seaman, balf Mexican, flew at him like a wildcat. Rainey struck out, and his fists hit at the top of the breed's head without stopping him. Then he clinched.

The Mexican was slippery as an cel-He got his arms free, his hands shot up, and his thumbs sought the inner corners of Rainey's eyes. The sudden, burning anguish was maddening and he drove his clasped fists upward wedging away the drilling fingers.

Two hands clawed at his shoulders from behind. Someone sprang fairly on his back. A knee thrust against his spine

The agony left him helpless, the vertebrae seemed about to crack Strength and will were shut off, and the world went black. And then one of the hunters catapulted into the struggle, and the four of them went down in a midd ned frenzy of blows stiffed shouts

The spilors fought like hearts, striving for blows by reed by all codes of decency and fair play, intent to main. Lund and got his shoulders against the rocks and stood with open hands, watching the two with their knives, who erept in foot by foot, to make Peggy Simms, a strand of her pale

vellow hair whipped loose, flung it out of her eyes as she stood on the edge of the cliff, her lips apart, her breastrising stormlly, watching; her features changing with the tide of battle as it surged beneath her, punctuated with muffled shouts and wind-clipped onths. She saw Lund at bay, and snatched out her pistol. But the distance was too great. She dared not trust her aim.

Sandy, dancing in and out, willing but helpless, bound by fear and lack of muscle, saw Deming, followed by Beale, stealing up the trail, unnoticed by the girl, who leaned far forward, watching the fight, her eyes on Lund and the two creeping closer with their knives, cautious but determined. Tamada stood farther back and could not see them.

The lad's wits, sharpened by his forecastle experience, surmised what Deming and Beale were after as they gained the promontory flat and ran toward the fires

"Hey!" he shrilled. "Look out; they're after the tools!"

Deming's hand was stretched toward a shovel, its worn steel scoop sharp as a chisel. Beale was a few feet be hind him. They were going to toss the shovels and drills down to the seamen.

Tamada turned. His face did not change, but his eyes gleamed as he thrust a dipper in the stenming remnants of the pea soup and flung the thick blistering mass fair in Deming's face. At the same moment the girl's pistol cracked with a stab of red Beale dropped, shot in the fiame. neck, close to the collarbone, twisting like a scotched snake, rolling down

Deming, howling like a s creheckly devil, clawed with one hand sticky mass that masked him as ran blind, wild with pain. He tripped. clutched, and lost his hold, slid one are plane of ley lava, smooth as glove, struck a buttress that sent him off at a tangent down the face of the cutt. bounding from impact with an contthrust elbow of the rock, whirling imto space, into the ley turnoll of the waves, flooding into the inlet.

Peggy Simms fled down the traffi with a steel drill in either hand straight across the beach toward: Lund. The Finn turned on her with a snarl and a side swipe of his knare. but she leaped aside, dodged the er slow-foot, and thrust a driff at Lund, who grasped it with a cry of exultation, swinging it over his head as if it had been a bamboo. Harser and shaken off his men, and came leaping in for the second drill. The knife fell tinkling on the from

rock as Lund smashed the wrist of the Finn. The girl's gun made the second would be stabber throw up his hands while Hansen snatched his weaps flung it over the farther cliff, and knocked the seaman to the group before he joined Lund, charging the rest, who fled before the sight of them and the threat of the bars of steel.

Lund laughed loud, and stopp striking, using the drill as a go driving them into a huddled hords like leaderless sheep, knee-deep, thigh-deep, into the water, where they stopped and begged for mer Hansen turned to put a finish

eparate struggles. It ended as swiftly as it lie One hunter could barely stars kicked knee, Rainey's bas strained and stiffening, Lund had been

a handful of his beard, and Hansen's cheek was laid open. On the other side the casualties were more severe. Deming west tide, rolling in the swash. Beale

coughing blood, though not danger-ously wounded. The Finn was crying over his broken wrist, all the fight can of him. Lund took swift inventory, links

them up as they came timorously want of the water or straggled against the eliff at his order. Tamada had come down from the fires. Peggy had of his share, and Sandy's timety shout. Lund nedded at him ten ce friendly manner. "You're a white man, Tamada," be

get it. Rainey, round up these derelicts an' help Tamada fix 'em up. settle with 'em later. Hansen, put 🗪 rest of 'em to work, an' keep 'est to it! Do you hear? They got to the work of the whole bunch."

Lund turned to the two huntered who had stood apart.

"Wal, you yellow-bellied neutrals." he said his voice cold and his hard. "Thought I might lose, hoped so, didn't you? Pick up that skunk Beale an' tote him about You'll git yore shares, but you'll not git what's comin' to those who stood by. Now git out of my sight. You can bury That when you come back." He nodded at the sodden corpse of Deming, flung up, on the grit. can take yore pay as grave diggers out of what you owe him at poter. He ain't goin' to collect, this trip."

Rainey, lame and sore, helped Tomada patch up the wounded, turning the hunters' quarters into a sick bey, using the table for operation. Beade was the worst off, but Tamada prenounced him not vitally deep

trive he had finished with a present upon Bhusewe bit fewer, on the sarries exception

anist while he rubbed him to and they knewfed him. Once he gave ten, twisting areach, and Rames any a blur of stars as something mapped into place with a chek.

"I think you soon all right, now," miel Tamanta. "You and Mes Simus turned the

ide," said Rainey, "If they'd got hese tools first they'd have finesteed is in shore order." "Fools?" said Tamada, "Suppose

they kill Lund, how they get awry? No one to havigate. Presently the gunbout would find them. I thick Mr. Land will maybe trust me now." ie said quietly. "What do you mean?" "Mr. Lund think in the back of take

send I arrange for that gunboar secone. He cannot understand box hey know the schooner at island. The hink to come just this time too moeturious, I think."

"It was a bit of a coincidence," Tamada shrugged his shoulders dightly.

"I think Japanese government know all that goes on in North Polar region," he said. "There is wireless staion on Wrangell island. We pass by hat pretty close,"

Rainey chewed that information as ie put on his clothes, wondering if they had seen the last of the gunboat. They would have to pass south through Bering strait. It would be easy to overhood them, but them, search the schooner, confisente the gold. They

were not out of trouble yet. When he went into the cabin to replace his torn cost he had hardly a button intact above the waist, from jacket to undershirt-he found the zirl there with Lund. Apparently, they had just come in. Peggy Simms with face aglow with the excitement that had not subsided, was proffering

Lund her pistol. "Keep it." he said. "You may need it. I've got mine,"

"But you threw it into the water, I saw you.

(To be concluded next we